UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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VOLUME XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1219.

Original Poetry.

THE MOHICAN'S VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY EDWARD J. PORTER

Spirit of vengeance! that creeped on high,
Wake from thine slumbers, thy voice is high,
Dealing destruction around him afar,
Throw all the Mohicans's spirit to war!

Bright were the banners that our maidens had done,
Soft were the pinions their bright leaves had prest,
Till the dark Huron despitefu'y trod,
Waked them to weep o'er the hallow'd sod.

Scent of vengeance! thy death-shaft undraweth,
Glow to thy children thy heavens of wrath,
Wake every warrior's spirit of flame,
Breathe the red torrent that circles our name.

Lowly and scattered their bravest shall lie,
Sadness and pale, awaits the cousin of the sky,
Round them the wolves of the mountain shall roar,
Howling wild through the withering gore.

Maidens shall shriek in their wildness of grief—
Mothers shall curse the fall of their chief—
Mothers shall weep the red slaughter to see,
And the dark tears in manhood shall be.

Rouse then the tomahawk! wake the wild reel!
Hearts tremble with fear when its shrill echoes swell —
Warriors that bleed owe a name to be cleared,
Darken the bower of the lovely and loved.

Original Tales.

THE FANCY BALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY MRS. J. W. FIELDING.

It was at the close of a short December day, when the early twilight had been hastened by the dark clouds that lowered in the West, obscuring the feeble ray of the declining sun, that Frank Welford entered the sitting room of the family, and stretching himself before the glowing grate laid one hand, caressingly, on the glossy braids of a fair, young creature, who sat on a low ottoman, rather in dishabille, and wrapped in a blue shawl, employed herself with the perusal of a pamphlet, whose diminutive type and dark-lined pages, seemed to require all the strength which nature could gain, by a stimulate exertion in deciphering its contents.

"Come, little Fan," said the youth, "you have been here quite as a cushion for my head the last week, and I must now put in my claim for some portion of your attentions. While the preparations for the grand affair were in progress, I quietly yielded my pretensions; and would not attempt to interfere with the momentous avocations of dressing the fate of gauze, flowers and feathers—but now that the event is over, I cannot consent to be superseded by any thing of less importance, and I must bar many little sister back again. Besides, those pretty eyes, alike lose their lustre by the strong glare of the thousand lamps that poured a flood of light," can scarcely be fit for drawing the fine lines of print, and that most economical of volumes, which contains within its diminished limits the full amount of those good honest terms of double pica and Come!" continued he, playfully, taking the book from her hand, "let me have an account of the Fancy Ball, with a little, a very little embroidery."

"Embroidery!" said Aunt Kitty, who had been dozing in her chair, and only caught the last word. "Ah! I shall be glad to see Fanny employed with her needle, in any way in which it is more suited to her sex, than in their time reading novels and dressing. Besides being a great deal of plain needle work for the future, I can find no excuse for a specimen of her own, the dress and deportment of the notorious mistress of Charles the Second."

"Oh, the dress was very becoming, and Serena looked beautifully, the pale blue bodice and white gauze drapery suited her admirably adapted to her flaxen ringlets and fair complexion, and showed her shape, and the delicate tint of her arms and hands to great advantage."

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"I don't mind how bright the colors are," interrupted Aunt Kitty, with the air of one devoted their harmonies, and are not out of keeping with the general work of the piece."

"Exactly my own view of the case," remarked Frank, with provoking archness, "taking nature, which is always true, for our guide, it is the duty of the artist to follow her monster in our pictures of life. It relieves the insipid sameness of the "tongues in mono."

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Frank established himself comfortably on the sofa, and made room for the Fanny beside him, drew her affectionately to him, saying,

"But after all, little sis, I must not lose the heroes of the same Round with you."

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Frank established himself comfortably on the sofa, and made room for the Fanny beside him, drew her affectionately to him, saying,

"But after all, little sis, I must not lose the heroes of the same Round with you."

"I am so angry with you for not going with me," replied Fanny, affecting the fondness of a child "I have a great mind not to tell you any at all; but if I am so good-natured as to indulge you, jasmine not to talk about it before Aunt Kitty. You know how tardily I wring from her, her acquiescence in my going, and how strenuously she objected to my appearing in character—but that my own, my modest, girlish sweet pride, "That was familial enough for entertainment."

"Perhaps," rejoined Frank, with provoking gravity. "Aunt Kitty was not far wrong, and in sober earnest, were I the father of a family, I am not at all certain that I should approve of such an amendment for my daughter. To say the least, it countenances language and actions, that a modest girl would

Original Poem.

ISLE ROYAL.

A Canadian Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY J. H. HAZLEWOOD.

ple Royal, is the wave calm
Of old Neptune, lies at rest,
Here every surge appears a brim
Of the sweet waters of the west;
And the ranging but small fish o'erwhelm
The shore, in willing contest of play,
As Ronda's mighty trees arise,
And shade the grassy banks they bear,
And when the clouds forsake their skies,
And fading waters leave their bed,
And the weaned gods in music dies,
The verses words might there retreat,
To hush the tempest's angry roar,
And incense, wherever the smile
Of Him pervades, might hallow there.

Broken the scale, surrounding deep,
The midnight hours the storms tired rail,
And whether Calm or Storm prevail,
All is benign, and wafted bird-like all,
To meet of a moment's sweet repose,
Yet please it more for peaceful hall,
Those lofty trees, from Canada,
Were ever abandoned to moment,
Where wolves can ought escape to steal,
Or bear, from Canada's wild home,
Stray thing to cross the lair.

Yet in the Isle Royal,
The rumble, standing moment,
Of the wolf's howl, is not heard,
And sunbeam around doth dwell.

Few moments with their smiles have passed,
Those lofty trees, from Canada,
Were, to dwell by the trembling blood,
And cool grasses, with spring rain,
In full course o'er the season vast.

A spray-washed rock descends and soars
And Fern-crowned peak of Heaven,

Are left upon the Isle alone,
Those lofty trees, from Canada,
And left more all with more wonder,
And that which is more than all,

Heated Isles heaven, to gloom unknown,
For many are the days and nights
Of the Isle Royal, and longest seems the silent,
What longer to sweep the deepest's green.

Of the Isle Royal, and longest seems the silent,
Still flowers stretch to rude walls grow,
Wild moose run, bear-cubs climb
Where the waters to Canada flow
And safety could a stranger find beside
That moved home, where none was fear
They saw, at most, the kindling fire,
At sunrise, in their pure breast,
And seemingly startled far away,
Where Hidden but closely when endeared
In the scene of light—they and no see.

But mind connected with kindred mind,
Of the Isle Royal, and longest seems the silent,
In kindred meets and joys alone,
Contentment's spell around them throws.

From the Magazines.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER.

TWO PICTURES.

A Tale of New York Revolution.

BY CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

Nature, that made the ivy leaf and lily,
Not of one many and wood hath made us alike.
Willis.

PICTURE I.

How bright the dew-drop trembling on the leaf of the lily, as the morning wind steals its fragrance to its breast—and how soft the light when no ranging from the cheery dew-bough, makes the heart of the lily-bell to throb with fear! But not half so bright the dew-drops as the tears that trembled in the eyes of Mary Linsfield and whilst the bending lily as her own sweet breath, on the outcast of love, and the sun, as mourning at the noise of dear Lizzie, breathing across the lawn—cheeks glowing—and the sun, as mourning at the noise of dear Lizzie, breathing across the lawn—cheeks glowing—

"Oh, my dear Lizzie," exclaimed Helen, "how much news! A letter from—oh! I am almost afraid to tell you—from Colonel Linsfield! and from—from Cousin Ida!"

"Ida!" exclaimed Helen, dropping the basket back into the rich yellow lilies, "Ida coming home!—Ida!—and for—what does she say?"

"Oh, only think! she is coming here," replied Lizzie, in a low voice.

"Coming here!" almost screamed Helen, clapping her hands, "oh, how glad I am!"

Mrs. Moore finished reading the joyful letter, and with a smile of pleasure, which she returned it to Lizzie.

"Ida coming!" said the very glad sister, "she will be a stranger among us—but we must do our best to make her happy while she stays with us."

"A month!" only think, a whole month!" said Helen, "and how many fine times we will have!"

"Only a month!" interrupted Helen—"but when will she be here?"

"Next month," said Mrs. Moore, "and answer your cousin's letter, Lizzie, and I will add a few lines to tell her how glad we are she will be."

Mrs. Moore and the mother of Ida Taylor were sisters. They were the daughters of a respectable farmer, residing in a beautiful island, and of well cultivated mind, and their social habits, and of well cultivated mind, and their social habits, and of well cultivated mind, as a matter of course, therefore, the education of the two girls was the best the country could afford—their tastes and minds constantly improving from the same source, and the pleasures of their father, while their skill in housewifery was such as enabled their mother to preside over their own neat little cottage to the noble old homestead. Here they still dwelt, and here the very lawn where their mother had sported when a child, and the little Lizzie first smiled on unconsciously upon the notice of the reader.

William Taylor, the husband of the younger sister, was at the time of his marriage a thrifty storekeeper in the village, and laying the foundations of gain. Tired, at length, of the slow accumulation of dollars and cents, and the unsightings of avarice prompting him on, Taylor resolved to sell out his business, which offered so little to support his evening years, and to remove to the city of New York, the *El Dorado* of his imagination. And then two years, from a day they met—they left parent without the kiss of sisterly love—whose hopes and fears, and joys and sorrows had ever been mutual, and the husband and the one left to all the peaceful, pure enjoyments of rural life, to the smoke of the gaudy cotters in the city. The mansion of Taylor in city career in an every day way. He grew rich, and with riches, pride and ambition were made his companions. Gold and the hearts of both husband and wife from that time had little in common with each other. The relatives and friends, the one, absorbed ever in the love of the world, and Pearl streets of the other, the prey of fashion, and of the hundred dear friends whom the magic spell of gold called around her.

It is true, letters, messages, or some trifling gift, had been occasionally exchanged between the sisters, yet they had never met since their first separation, and their children had grown up as strangers. With the parents the season of youth had passed away, and the fleet feet already pressing upon life's declivity leading to the grave, when the anticipated visit of her dear niece Ida broke like a sunbeam upon the affectionate heart of Mrs. Moore.

The pretty letter of Lizzie to her cousin, flowing from a heart as pure as the snowy page upon which it was written, was sent off by the evening mail, and from that day until the day Ida was expected to arrive, all was joyful anticipation within and about the homestead—even the very swallows seemed to twitter more cheerfully in their graceful flights around the old chimney, while, to light and to air, the two girls from the summer-house to the favorite seat beneath the old elm, from jasmine to rose-bush, and from kitchen to pantry, that nothing might be left undone to give pleasure to their expected guest.

What a delicious evening was that for one accustomed only to sandy atmosphere and circumscribed view to be found in the city open which Ida Taylor accepted at the residence of her uncle. As they descended the hill, at the bottom of which, among graceful elms and towering oaks, nestled the neat cottages of the villagers, the sun had already disappeared, but the light clouds were still floating in a sea of gold and azure, and his parting beams yet lingered on the hills, and played around the forest boughs.

"What a picture!" exclaimed Ida, leaning from the carriage window.

"Lovely indeed!" added young Ellery, who, with his bride, an intimate of Ida's, were now on a tour of pleasure and had willingly come to leave the latter at her mother's. "Lovely, indeed! I would almost fancy myself again in Switzerland, or amid the lovely vales of Italy. Ha! clouds, crimsoned, and sweet—deserve how misjudged they are, and how unjustly they are condemned by the city people! Why, Miss Taylor—see, Serena—observe how mistakenly they are condemned by the city people! But there every branch, every cloud, ray, the very birds, and the sprays from that beautiful waterfall, viewed in this golden light, seems as a sketch of magic!"

The carriage had now reached nearly the centre of the village, when Ida said—

"I wonder in which of these houses I am to find my aunt's home!"

"I have determined if for you, I am sure," interrupted Mrs. Ellery, "do you see that very old fashioned house on the right? I am sure it is one—it has disappointed behind those gigantic trees—there, you look—yes, you may be certain that it is the house, for see, with tongue and fan I direct you to it, and behold the whole family are pouring forth to meet you. What shocking taste!"

Ida colored, but made no reply.

"Well!" continued Mrs. Ellery, "I hope you will not be sustained with kisses from the old uncle and aunt, and your sun-burnt, freckled cousins! I must say, Ida, I pity you."

Ida colored still more deeply, and in a bewildering voice replied—

"Indeed, I know nothing of these people, and probably never have been with them, but had not my physician ordered me to the country for pure air and exercise, I assure you that I shall allow no such familiarities as you speak of!"

As the carriage stopped, Mr. Moore alone stood and kindly received his niece, then taking her hand, led her to her aunt, who, as she fondly embraced her relative, was in tears. The gentle tears, with a gratefulness and ease which astonished those within the carriage, Ida tenderly welcomed their cousin. It was Ida, not Miss, who was embarrassed, for there was a delicate elegance and propriety of demeanor about those gentle cousins which absorbed as much as it surprised her. With the same tone of sympathy, Mr. Moore then pressed the friend of Ida to alight, nor needed they much persuasion. The air of comfort which breathed around, was too tempting to be resisted, and the cool recliners of an inn, and in a few moments Ida and Mrs. Ellery had established themselves in the luxury of repose.

A delicious supper already awaited them which Mrs. Moore and Miss Ellery quickly spread, and the strawberries' such rich cream—such snowy bread and fragrant butter!

The evening passed off pleasantly. Mrs. Moore had many questions to ask of and from parents, who, seeing her friend Miss Ellery less much engaged to notice her, answered cheerfully and with pleasure. Ida, pale and fatigued, betrayed with the lively fascinator of Mr. Ellery, whose attentions to his young bride were of the most fashionable kind, the genial heart of a tender open sorrow, opened and her self-possession returned, and she was able to breathe the senses of the accomplishment of her self-possession returned, and she was able to breathe the senses of the accomplishment of her self-possession returned, and she was able to breathe the senses of the accomplishment of her self-possession returned, and she was able to breathe the senses of the accomplishment of her self-possession returned, and she was able to breathe the senses of the accomplishment of her self-possession returned, and she was able to breathe the senses of the accomplishment of her self-possession returned, and she was able to breathe the senses of the accomplishment of her self-possession returned, and she was able to breathe the senses of the accomplishment of her self-possession returned, and she was able to breathe the senses of the accomplishment of her self-possession returned, and she was able to breathe the senses of the accomplishment of her self-possession returned, and she was able to breathe the senses of the accomplishment of her self-possession returned, and she was able to breathe the senses of the accomplishment of her self-possession returned

"Why, I met that high-headed, proud brother of Verona to-day, Courtland Lindsey, prancing one of them down Broadway, and I could have killed him for envy."

"*Indeed!*" replied Ida, in a tone of pique; "well, we may meet those rampants this evening at Mrs. Hazard's, for I hear the Lindseys are intimate there."

The party from ——— Square echoed the brilliant name of Mrs. Hazard, already nearly filled with the elite of beauty and aristocracy. The queen-like Mary Lindsey, in magnificent form and face, her noble figure and lofty dress, well becoming her stately air and noble bearing, would have attracted all eyes and hearts, but for two lovely young girls at her side, who, in simple robes of white Tarletan, with wreaths of any kind—their beautiful hair parted simply over their foreheads, and gathered into masses of rich braids behind, where one single blossom of the snowy Camelia seemed to crown their purity.

Soon after, the party from L——— Place were announced, consisting of Ida and Mrs. Ellery, with a train of beaux, among whom, for his leaping voice, lady-like demeanor, and noble aim of coats and moustache Adolphus Ellery shone conspicuous.

"I thought so," replied Mrs. Ellery, with the utmost nonchalance. I shall make a point of noticing them at once—brother; your last session.

"Oh stop a moment, and I will accompany you," said Ida. For it was some time ere she could summon sufficient courage to approach those gentle queens. At length, however, by assuming much artlessness of manner—calling to notice of affection and surprise for their countenance—with extended hands she tripped across the room, exclaiming

"My dearest cousins, what a joyful surprise! how delighted I am to see you—but why did you not come to us, naughty girls! and we thought you so far off—and so much regretted your short visit."

The sisters felt for her mortification, and received her protestations with perfect grief, honor and amiability.

"And are you at Banker's?" demanded Ida.

"The Misses Moore are my guests," said Miss Lindsey haughtily. She would have continued—and her keen eye expressed all the contempt she felt—but so appealing had been the tender-hearted Lizzie, caused her to refrain further comment. Coldly bowing, therefore, she passed an arm through that of Helen, and saying

"Brother, will you lead Miss Moore to the music-room?" The party turned from the group, leaving Ida and Mr. Ellery overwhelmed with shame and mortification.

After making the projected visit to Mrs. Van Courtland, Helen and Lizzie returned to their parental village—in the arms of their beloved parents.

The season saw our lovely, artless Lizzie the happy bride of Courtland Lindsey, courted and admired in the highest circles; while Helen remains over the near hills—the wife of Arthur Weston, whose dream of love for the heartless Ida was soon overcome.

And Ida!

Ida became the wife of Adolphus Ellery, who, in less than a year after their marriage, squandered her fortune at the gaming-table, and becoming greatly crushed fled to Europe, while Ida, thus deserted by her husband—her beauty gone—her nerves shattered by late hours and ill-humor, was received under the roof of her kind but ill-judging parents.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 7, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS one copy of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seven copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For TEN DOLLARS one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We notice that the police reports are a-lived, which is a sign that the "fathers of the city" have decided it is high time for winter to be here. The weather seems to be of the same opinion too, for we have scarcely had a clear day since our last publication, the wind hanging generally at the northeast quarter of the compass, and venting its spleen occasionally in fits of ill-humored hail and snow storms. In New England, as well as among the mountains of our own State, sleighing has already come, and most of the canals are closed, or closing. We must bid farewell to outdoor enjoyment for awhile, until next May, and content ourselves with a snug fire and a pleasant book instead of a walk in the pleasant fields on a fragrant morning.

The President's Message is the great topic of the week. We refer our readers to it in our other columns. We have cause to congratulate ourselves that, year after year, the country continues to advance in prosperity; our manufactories filling up, our manufactures increasing, the new generation growing up more educated than its fathers, arts and sciences flourishing, and wealth flowing in on us from every quarter of the globe whither our products are exported or where our flag is known. In the country, the land increase as fast as some would wish it to, so as not to be contented nevertheless for. After all, it is the one where general contentment is most diffused of any on the globe.

We have entitled "The Fancy Ball" on our first page, has an excellent moral, and we endorse its sentiment fully. The tale from "Graham's" of the New York aristocracy, is a graphic picture of real life. Mr. Claudius furnishes a touching and admirable sketch, which it is no more matter to read without tears. The letter from "Our travellers" at the foot of his scrawl he is a poet, with an eye for the beauties of nature, and writes therefore, with eloquence. We commend him, and indeed all else in our sheet this week, to general perusal. It will be found to repay the labor.

STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

The New York papers have a story of a lady of respectability being beaten by a gentleman in the house of the Park Theatre on Thursday night of last week, and of the escape of the gentleman just as summary punishment was about to be inflicted upon him. The editor of the paper explains the matter thus:—A friend has given us a clue to the mystery, and in so doing has that the old man was the father of the girl, and has just made a runaway match with a gentleman connected in business with two eminent literary characters."

We find in the New York Mirror of Friday of last week an explanation of the occurrence. The lady was the wife of one of the proprietors of that paper, and her father was the person who made the disgraceful assault. An eye-witness, who was in the box with the lady, states that her father applied to her in the most opprobrious epithet, and struck her twice with his double fist. To father had taken offence at the marriage of his daughter, and adopted this unwarrantable method of showing his disapprobation of the match. In the Mirror we find it stated that the match was made with the full concurrence and approval of the lady's mother.

TRICKS IN DIPLOMACY.

It is said, that the minister, in preparing the corps of their treaty with Great Britain, through Sir Henry Pottinger, have contrived to defraud the British, importantly, by suppressing whole paragraphs, and altering others, so that the establishment of Hong Kong is nullified, the trade of foreign countries by transit or otherwise with the five ports precluded, and their commerce restricted, nearly as before the war, to the single port of Canton.

CHOOSING A WIFE.

Young men, a word in your ear, when you choose a wife. Don't be fascinated with a dashing creature, fond of society, vain, satirical and showy in dress. You do not want a doll or a coquette for a partner. Choose rather one of those retiring, modest, sensible girls, who have learnt to deny themselves and possess some decided character. But above all seek for a good disposition. A popular writer well observes, "No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in the pathway, delicious and cheering. It carries a gem before it which will attract every one, and by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition, or the sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence on the unrest of the whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the fretful feelings of the natural heart. Smiles, kind words, and looks, characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold, or captivating more than beauty; and the choice of life retains all its freshness and power."

LAW OF MARRIAGE.

A case of some interest came before the Supreme Court of Illinois, at its last session. Several persons combined and forged a marriage license, showed it to a young lady and her parents, got the consent of the good faith of the suitor, and one of his associates falsely represented himself to be a Justice of the Peace, and proceeded to perform the rites of matrimony—whereupon consent was yielded, and the usual ceremony was repeated by the pretended Justice, and the parties to it were indicted for a conspiracy. The only one found was tried and convicted in the Circuit Court of Illinois. The case was carried to the Supreme Court, where the party implicated was somewhat astonished with the opinion, that the marriage being a civil contract, is valid where the persons united declare their intention to be husband and wife in a formal manner, in the presence of witnesses, even though no marriage license has been obtained, nor the usual ceremony administered by an authorized person. The Court affirmed the judgment.

REMEMBER THE POOR!

Many, who sit down to their carpets before cheerful fires, have no knowledge of the destitution to which fellow creatures are being subjected suddenly within a minute's walk. Those who visit the poor in our great cities, however, have presented to them daily instances of human suffering which appeal to the heart, and which we consider the sufficience on every hand. But alas! how little do we think of others, how much of ourselves. We are led to these remarks by perusing an account of the visit of a city missionary among the destitute. Among other cases—and we can quote but one—he says

"There is on my list of acquaintance a woman, with six children, living in a cellar! I found them without food, clothing, fuel, every thing that comfort called for. Another family—a mother and two children—I found the little fellows in the street to collect, gathering coal in an old hand-kerchief. I followed him home, and found poverty and want. Another family—the father had not been able to work for six months; the mother has a cancer that is eating her up alive."

QUEEN VICTORIA.

The dress of Queen Victoria, as worn at the opening of the Royal Exchange, was interest some of our fair readers. She wore at the back of her head a miniature crown, formed of brilliants, and a diamond chain surrounding the forehead; her necklace, ear-rings and bracelets were of brilliants. Her dress was of white satin, trimmed with the richest and most elegant design—portions of the pattern representing leaves and foliage. It was open in front, with the petticoat of the same; and it appropriated the bottom, and "displaying a petticoat of the most valuable old point lace," according to the "Court Circular." Her train was seven short, and at the top of each was a very brilliant diamond ornament. The dress had a most chaste and elegant appearance—the petticoat brocaded satin, of which it was composed, being ornamented with valuable diamonds down each side of the front, placed at intervals on white satin bows. The dress was of Spitalfields manufacture.

THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

That venerable patriarch of wit, now, attracts so much attention, that we give our readers his account of himself, as follows. For one of his age he is remarkably well:

"I am serenity-four years old; and being a Canon of St. Paul's in London, and Rector of a parish in the country, my time is equally divided between town and country. I am living amidst the best society in both, and enjoy myself more in my circumstances, in tolerable health, as mild Whig as when I was young, and much given to talking, laughing and dancing. I am blessed with the rich in London, and the poor in the country—passing from the squires and their families to the cottagers. I am, upon the whole, a happy man, have found the world entertaining world, and am heartily thankful to Providence for the past and present."

A KING'S CASH BOX.

The London Morning Chronicle notices a superb casket, which has been presented by the celebrated artificers in the great Metropolis, and completed for the use of his sable Majesty, King Louis Philippe of Orleans. It is of solid silver, and weighs two hundred and seventy-six ounces, the size being seventeen inches long by twelve inches wide, and eight inches deep. The ornaments and chasing, consisting chiefly of lilies, tapers, and elephants heads are of the richest description and finish. The lock is intended to hold his Majesty's gold dust, is secured by one of the detective locks, having a memorable gold key. The casket, with its contents of his Majesty, with a proper idea of *foreign manufactures*.

WET FEET.

Some writer remarks, that "few often see people trampling about in the mud, with leather soaked through, and have seldom much people, when they return home, sit down to their tea, take and permit their feet to dry, without either changing their stockings or their shoes. Can we have wonder at the coughing of all hands, and consumption and inflammation, which enable the disease to take its victims? We feet most commonly produce affections of the throat, and lungs; and when such diseases of the lungs do take place, the cause of death is not far off, therefore let us entreat our readers, no matter how lonelily, to guard against wet feet."

CURIOUS OLD BOOKS.

There are bibliomaniacs here, as well as in England, it appears, for at a late sale in New York of books from the library of the late Duke of Sussex, and Dr Southey, several curious old works brought very high prices. A black letter copy of Columbus's letter, by Columbus's letter to Ferdinand and Isabella, announcing the discovery of America, and containing but four pages, was sold for $100. Various other old works on American History, and a manuscript in Italian on the same subject, and four illuminated manuscript books on vellum, sold for $25 and 26 dollars each.

THE WEATHER.

At Utica the week has been cold, so much so as to have obstructed the railroads in the neighborhood considerably. At Troy there is much feeling on the part of the people, as the canal is frozen, and in excellent order for snow. At Alexandria, D. C., the thermometer at the Mansion, at sunrise, on the 25th ult. was as low as twenty degrees, while in New York the weather was moderate enough, though it rained, hailed, and snowed exclusively, but did a little of all three by way of variety.

SUPERB VASE.

A plate vase has been manufactured at Wheeling, three feet six inches high, sixteen inches in diameter, and weighing ninety-two pounds. It is beautifully cut, and shines with prismatic hue.

A LARGE FAMILY.

The Louisville Democrat of the 26th ult. says—"On yesterday an emigrating party passed through our city, consisting of father, mother, and twenty children. The parents appeared to be about forty-five years of age; the two youngest children not or eight months only. They were travelling in true patriarchal style, the one leading four, the same superintending the interesting group, while three of the eldest daughters were carrying each one of the babies. The destination we did not learn, but think it not improbable that the old man is about settling a colony in Oregon."

OLD-FASHIONED.

It may not be known that one of the present Cabinet at Washington, Mr. Secretary Bibb, retains a strong partiality for both the small clothes of '76 and the dress of those days. You will find him at his office in black satin shorts, silk hose and shoe buckles—indeed, his appearance reminds you of the gentleman of the old school. The Secretary is prompt in the discharge of his duties, and the business of the humblest man in the land claims equal promptness from him as that of the highest.

SOLAR ECLIPSE.

There will be a total eclipse of the sun on the 9th of December, visible throughout the greater part of the United States. The mean time of the beginning is 3 o'clock, 5 minutes, the greatest obscuration at 4½ o'clock, and the sun sets eclipsed at 4 35, with 36 digits on its south limb about 4 o'clock.

IMPORTANCE OF BATHING.

The plan of cheap baths for the people is becoming better appreciated, both in this country and in Europe. In Liverpool and Scotland the people of every city and town are establishing public Baths. The proprietors of the London Times subscribed a hundred guineas to a project of this kind.

IMPORTANT PROCLAMATION.

Gen. O'Donnell, Governor General of Havana, has issued a proclamation declaring that after the 1st of January next, all vessels arriving in Cuba with slaves on board will be confiscated. The proclamation is the first fruits of the law prohibiting Spanish subjects from slave dealing.

Personal News.

☞ It is understood that Mr. Polk will be in Philadelphia in about six weeks, some time in the month of January. There is a probability that he will leave Tennessee on the 4th of January. He will travel through Kentucky, Ohio, and the western section of the State to Philadelphia, where he will remain till the approach of the 4th of March, and then proceed to Washington.

☞ Mr. James Rossell, of Columbus, Ohio, the inventor of the Rossellian Alphabet, or Rossellian Phonetarium, which was destroyed by the burning of the Providence Theatre, is about petitioning Congress for permission and means to construct another for the National Observatory at Washington, before increasing age shall render him incompetent to the task.

☞ A dinner was given at Glasgow, recently, to which Professor Liebig, then visiting Scotland, was invited as a mark of respect to him for the many valuable discoveries in science. The Earl of Eglinton presided, and the Professor, on the occasion of his health being drunk, returned thanks in a speech replete with interest.

☞ Charles Dickens is in Italy, and has been for many months past. He lives retired there, and is, it is said, industriously employed on a new novel, which may be expected in the spring.

☞ Rev. George B. Cheever, now in Europe, has been engaged as editor of the New York Literary Journal, and will, it is said, devote himself exclusively to the paper on his return.

☞ Hon. W. P. Mangum, President of the U. S. Senate, has recovered from his late indisposition, and is now at Washington.

☞ Gov. Mouton, of Louisiana, whose death was reported not long since, is in New Orleans, with health entirely restored.

☞ Gen. Rodney, of Delaware, and Port Frays, from Philadelphia, on the 15th of September.

☞ John Ross, with his bride, reached home on the 9th of November.

Fires.

FIRE IN TROY.—A fire broke out at 6 P. M. Thursday, in the paint-shop of J. S. Perry, in River street, a few doors above the Fulton Market. The fire communicated rapidly to the adjacent buildings, above and below, four of which were consumed, all of wood and of little value. They were owned by Mrs. Beach, Mr. L. G. Cannon and A. J. Rousseau. There was no insurance on the buildings.

BRIDGE BURNED.—The store-house, occupied by Captain Elijah W. Day, at Port Tobacco, Maryland, was destroyed by fire, on Wednesday last. Loss from 6,000 to $8,000.

Political.

☞ The Governor of Arkansas, in his late message, says: "The total anticipated interest on State bonds, remaining due and to fall due up to the 1st of October, 1845, is $311,511. Our citizens are already oppressed by taxation to meet the expenses of the State government, and therefore I am not prepared to recommend an increased taxation for the purpose of meeting the interest on the State bonds; but prompt and energetic measures should be adopted, with the means and assets of the banks, to discharge the interest upon all such bonds, as have been sold on good faith and in strict accordance with the bank charters."

☞ The Legislature of Vermont has passed an act for the Geological Survey of the State, an act abolishing the military system, so far as regards the forty militia, an act relative to dealers in spirituous liquors, to innkeepers, &c., providing for the election of three commissioners of insanity, in each county, in Vermont, to have control of the subject of lunacy, an act modifying the act of 1841, relating to the jurisdiction of justices of the peace, which should not be executed after one year, and making it the duty of the justices to order executions within three months after the year.

☞ The Texan papers state that Capt. D. Bone, of the U. S. Army, attended the recent Indian Council at Fort Gibson, and that Gen. Arbuckle, and also that Lt. Stephens, of the U. S. Army, arrived at Washington, on the 12th inst., with despatches from the U. S. Government, represented to be favorable to Texas.

☞ Governor Bouck, of New York has issued a proclamation offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the apprehension of the "men disguised as Indians," who forcibly entered the magazine from the Sheriff and his deputy recently, while on their way to Sackett's Lake, Rensselaer co.

☞ Ex-Governor Wm. L. Marcy, and John Savage, late Chief Justice, have been appointed by the Governor as Senators of the United States from New York, in place of Messrs. Wright and Tallmadge, resigned.

Missouri.—We find, in the St. Louis papers the message of M. M. Marmaduke, setting forth the resources of the State. He recommends the division of that State into Congressional Districts, and exhorts the Legislature in memorialize Congress in favor of the annexation of Texas and the occupation of Oregon. He reports that the balance in the treasury of Missouri is $45,684 42, consisting of various special funds which are not subject to the payment of the current expenses of the Government.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.—The President has appointed the following persons as Marshals of the United States:—Daniel A. Barnes, of Massachusetts; Andrew S. Pond, for Northern District of New York; Alexander Porter, for Delaware.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.—The electors of the several States will meet on the 2d Wednesday of this month, (being the 11th day) in their respective Capitals, and proceed to elect the President and Vice President of the United States.

RENEWAL AND APPOINTMENT.—Mr. Williamson, Recorder of the Land Office at Washington, has been removed, and Reuben M. Whitney appointed in his place.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER FOUR.

BEN LOMOND—THE HIGHLANDS—LOCH KATRINE.

Archbishopbroken, Loch Ardeny, Aug. 3, 1844.

This has been a glorious day for me, for me. When we arose this morning, at 4 o'clock, to return with the boat, the sun was already shining upon the westward hills, scarcely a cloud was in the sky, and the air was pure and cool. To our great delight the wind was unobtruded, as we were told that a more favorable day for the ascent had not occurred for a month. The scenery was never more beautiful, if possible, in the fresh light of morning, than we found them last evening. We left the boat at Balmaha, on the east of the southern base of Ben Lomond. After breakfasting on Loch Lomond trout, I stole out into the bracing morning air, and began the ascent to the shore, and got a hasty sketch of the lake.

We proposed descending on the northern side, and crossing the Highlands to Loch Katrine, and though it was represented as difficult and fatiguing, we chose the hill route, to accompany us, we determined to run the risk of being enveloped in a cloud on the summit, and of losing the path apparently in plain before us. We had no difficulty in following it up the lesser heights, around the base. It wound now on the left, and now on

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JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are our agents in Kentucky and Missouri.

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JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

To the Senate and House of
Representatives of the United States.

We have continued cause for expressing our gratitude to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe for the benefits and blessings which our country, under his kind Providence, has enjoyed during the past year. Notwithstanding the exciting scenes through which we have passed, nothing has occurred to disturb the general peace, or to derange the harmony of our political system. The great moral spectacle has been exhibited of a nation, approximating in number to 20,000,000 of people, having performed the high and important function of electing their Chief Magistrate for the term of four years, without the commission of any acts of violence, or the manifestation of a spirit of [illegible]

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☞ *Observe.*—The only authorized agent in Baltimore is Mr. Isaac P. Cook, Bookseller, No. 76 (formerly No. 52) Baltimore street. William Wright, Vice President North Am. Coll. of Health.

ALMANAC

December, 1844.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
7 Saturday,	7 22	4 38	11 58	
8 Sunday,	7 22	4 38	12 53	D. H. M.
9 Monday,	7 23	4 37	1 48	
10 Tuesday,	7 23	4 37	2 42	
11 Wednesday,	7 23	4 37	3 44	Last 2 9 17
12 Thursday,	7 24	4 36	4 49	New 9 3 19
13 Friday,	7 24	4 36	5 35	First 16 10 34
14 Saturday,	7 24	4 36	6 26	Full 24 2 28

Married,

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. William Shadrach, Mr. Samuel A. Harrison, to Miss Catharine Browne, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. W. W. Spear, Charles Newbold, to Rebecca, second daughter of John Pemberton, Esq.

On the 28th ultimo, at Mount Holly, N. J. by the Rev. George Y. Moorhouse, John P. Budd, of Philadelphia, to Caroline M. daughter of Peter C. Stryker, of the former place.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Morton, William P. Barnett, to Miss Mary E. Cameron, all of this city.

At Greendale, Ohio, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. T. O. Prescott, J. Ford Dewees, late of Philadelphia, son of Thomas Dewees, Esq., to Lavinia M. George, daughter of the Rev. M. M. Card, of Phila.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, Mr. Alfred Carrow, to Miss Sarah Carman.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. M. Bal, Mr. Isaac Wolf, merchant, of Cincinnati, to Miss Adaline, eldest daughter of Simon Elfelt, Esq. of this city.

On the 5th of April last, by the Rev. James A. Massey, Wm. H. Sleeper, to Miss Mary A. Hubbard, all of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, Jonas P. Gleason, Jr. to Georgiana R. youngest daughter of J. Hoskins, all of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. C. R. Demme, D.D., David E. Breinig, of Lehigh county, to Miss Anna Sophia, daughter of P. Miller, of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. J. J. Kerr, Jos. S. Riley, Jr. to Miss Isabella W. Graff, all of the Northern Liberties.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Edward Covel, William F. Melah, to Miss Sarah A. Lawton, daughter of Mr. Daniel Lawton, all of Philadelphia.

Died,

On the 1st inst. after a short illness, Wm. H. Pierce, son of John and Barbara Pierce, in the 19th year of his age.

On the 2d inst. Charles Newman, aged 28 years.

Suddenly, on the 2d inst. Francis Granello, in the 28th year of his age.

On the 2d inst. after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Susannah Page, widow of the late John Steelman.

[illegible]

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND.

With the honest confidence and familiarity of an old and tried friend, jealous of no competitor, and satisfied of its ability to stand on equal terms with any, and superior to most, published or projected,—the

UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

offers the congratulations of the season, as the months emphatically called the reading period approach; and presents, for the information of its friends, and in pursuance of custom, the following

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Foremost among the duties of a newspaper editor, it is to furnish

A MAP OF BUSY LIFE,
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In the performance of this duty the surveyors of the Post will take most especial care in laying out those pleasant places, and tranquil seas, in which the reader will find amusement and improvement. The Quicksands of Vice and the Dangers of Crime will be marked by the necessary and significant beacons; but in no case will the vocation of the conductors be so abused as to render crime interesting by studied description, or to lessen the horrors of misdoing by too minute particulars—producing that familiarity in the minds of the young, which degrades newspapers, with professed good intentions, to the stand of mere panders for crime. As

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PACKINGS OF ODD CORNERS,

reading to his mind, and the matter of fact reader will continue to be served with

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LOOK OUT FOR NEW COUNTERFEITS.—The public are cautioned against a new issue of SPURIOUS PILLS, which have recently been put in circulation, and sold by several Druggists in this city. Said Pills are put up in boxes, and covered with *counterfeit* lithographic labels, in outward appearance so closely resembling the genuine as to require the utmost care, on the part of the purchaser, to avoid imposition.

The patrons of the genuine medicine are respectfully informed that I have in my possession some of the above described Pills, which were purchased from Mr. S. Reed, Druggist, corner of Gay and Saratoga streets, Baltimore, and as the character of the genuine medicine may be injured by the sale of a spurious article, I beg leave to inform the public that Mr. Reed is not an agent of mine, neither has he any authority for selling the genuine medicine.

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Purchasers will please to observe that all *genuine Pills are covered with a handsome steel engraving of an Indian, immediately under the feet of which will be found No. 169 Race street, printed in such extremely small letters as to be seen distinctly only by the aid of a* MAGNIFYING GLASS. This the counterfeiters have omitted; and, therefore, a careful attention to which will entirely secure the purchaser against imposition.

As a further security, it should be remembered that the Rev. Isaac P. Cook, Bookseller, No. 76 (formerly No. 52) Baltimore street, is the only authorized agent in Baltimore, and from whom the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills can with certainty be obtained.

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WILLIAM WRIGHT,
nov 30 4t V. P. of N. A. College of Health.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.
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NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO THE ESTATE of FRANCIS KROESON, deceased, late of Moreland Township, Philadelphia county, are requested to make payment, and those having claims against the same are requested to present them for settlement without delay, to MARY ANN KROESON, Executrix,
nov 16-6t* RICHARD LEEDOM, Executor, Moreland.

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Selected Poetry.

THE CHILD'S WARNING.

The following lines, so full of pathos and beauty, are by Mrs. Hemans, wife of the world-renowned poet. They are from a recent number of Blackwood's Magazine.

There's bloom upon the lady's cheek,
There's brightness in her eye;
Who sees the sentence has gone forth
That the fair thing must die?

Must die before the flowering time
Of maiden's charms is full—
Can the be, oh human flower!
Thy blooming—to fade?

Nay, nay, 'tis but a passing cloud,
That dims the sunny hour;
There's life, long years, and hope and love,
For such a thing as that.

Is the gay mail that to thy knee
Thongs crack that shrinks in fear?
Who looks up in those laughing eyes
With his large eyes so mild?

Yet, then art doomed—art dying, all
That evening hour thou'rt free!
But to love's remembrance, withheld
Thy blooming word from thee!

God keep thee and be merciful!
His strength is with the weak!
Through babes and nurslings the Most High
Hath all unshaded spoken.

And speaketh now—"Oh, mother dear!"
Mother, oh mother dear!
And there is trouble in her eyes,
Those large dark eyes so mild.

"Oh mother dear! they say that soon,
When here I may be free,
I shall see God face—face out there,
Under the old oak tree.

"Nor up nurse in the nursery,
Nor nay where they say,
Where will they go to, mother dear?
Oh, do not go a-way!"

Then was long silence—a deep lush—
And then the child's low aid
Her quivering sprite close—one hand
Ere, a deep sob it said.

And the lips move, though sound is none,
That sound more is plead,
That sound more is plead,
And hath? "Why, oh, Lord, he done?"
And tears are ready there.

Lower that pale cheek, on that young head
And round her neck he clings—
And child and mother murmur out
Unutterable things.

He hall unconscious—ans deep-struck
With sudden solemn truth,
That number'd are her days on earth,
Her strength—yea, and her youth.

That all in life her heart holds dear,
Lod midst her is resting—
She knows—feels—realizes—but looks up,
And sighs: "Thy will be mine!"

From the Monthlies.

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, FOR OCTOBER.

SOLEMN CELEBRATION.
A Historical Sketch.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

It was a great—a momentous day to our country. The solemn ties of her revolution had gathered in its elements. Dark clouds as every side, rolling up from the recesses of its oppressed people to the skies, had closed at the zenith; and the blackness of our polluted heavens cast a fearful gloom upon the earth.

Then, on that memorable NATIONAL FAST or ARMS, the first dread thunderbolt of battle burst suddenly over the plain of Lexington, to leave it irrigated by a crimson shower! The temple of the prince of peace was shaken and shattered by the din of war, and became at once a place of refuge and of ambush to soldiers armed for liberty or death.

He* whose office it was to minister at the sacred altar, looked forth from his dwelling, and saw the way of his quiet walk from his own door to the sanctuary turned into the theatre of a most wondrous and awful tragedy —the infant blades of the early spring grass baptized in the names of freedom with the lifeblood of the martyr of his race. And the grass then shooting up throughout the land was not mown till it had nurtured a free soil. That patriot pastor beheld the first grand sacrifice to American liberty slain from among his own little village flock! And there they lay on the green turf before him; some in the mortal agony, and others, the cast warm, but breathless clay, just left by the spirits which he had labored to train for Heaven, as they sprang into the presence of the Lord of Hosts, seeking all for their struggling cruelty, and expecting full for their struggling cruelty, and expecting full for their struggling cruelty, and expecting full the exalted there in the bright realms of love.

The pale remains of these magnanimous soldier patriots were hastily borne from the field of their martyrdom by their anxious friends, and with no other shroud than the grey garments in which they had toiled and bade it one rude receptacle, and thus ceremonied together by their clotted life streams, as their hearts had been by the cause in which they were poured out, consigned to a common grave. There, slumber in obscurity, as they had stood in battle, they sleep undisturbed through the lapse of three-score years. They sighed no more for liberty—no more they heard the clang of arms or the groans of the dying brethren. They heard not the shout of conquest as it rent the air, nor the sound of the sword being beaten into the plough-share, and spear into the pruning-hook. They believed land. They saw not how proudly and how fondly a victorious young America. Exple was hanging to the blue ether deep above their bed of earth, with his warm plume breast to them his eye drinking at the sun, and his wings outspread to span the globe.

A few years ago these remains were exhumed, to be, on the sixtieth anniversary of the battle, entombed with hallowing honors, in a vault—a new tomb prepared for them by the inhabitants of Lexington, beneath a monument which marks the spot where they fell. There were gathered into one vast sarcophagus, inscribed with all their names, and, taking so long leave of their grave, borne, in the most solemn pomp from beside it to the cemetery in the church yard, by the Lexington Artillery, the Sparkled Banner spread over them for the first —the last time, and there placed in the niche before a great cloud of witnesses assembled to look at the affecting sight.

Never before did mortal remains return from the dark chambers of the dead into the light of day with so lively and grateful emotions as the same, or to occasion such a tide of new and powerful emotions as suddenly overwhelmed every heart at that immense assembly, on beholding those hallowed relics once more borne forth after sixty years' repose, to attend to the long, the solemn, and the glorious honors of the sun ran that more animated them for the hands of which they never obtained.

Yet it was not reminiscence, it was not sorrow nor pain from sympathy with present or remote suffering, that rendered the occasion one of such intense interest, and such intense, penetrating every breast with a deeper, more thrilling power than before, of the price of peril, agony and life, at which the blessings of freedom were purchased by our fathers for our inheritance. It was a feeling which a thousand times in the living had till that moment known itself unreal, and which was brought in the world's crucible and the emotion of the heart to lose its power. The relics of those hallowed relics on that grand body of people was wonderful almost as that produced by the hosts of the Prophet of Israel on the body of the boy restored to life, when he was lowered into his sepulchre. They reanimated the material form, as they had the spirit of the nation its feet. But these touched the soul of the beholder with a new sense, a new life and power of perception, and with a sense and a sentiment for the rights which our own fathers signed and sealed for us, which we may have lost, too thoughtlessly possessed.

They seemed, throughout the multitudinous, general suspension of for—it, as if they had simultaneously emerged from the grave to tell us we so finely breather parted out to not know how to estimate and improve. The sight of those mouldering remains reclined in the bosom of the generations, brought up close to the hearts those valiant men who achieved our independence, and who had been sleeping for the space of almost one second almost too late to receive it the tribute of the immediate world. It must be directed, with more accuracy, to that generation of All-Wise Being who has taken to himself so many to whom we owe so much; to that noble army of patriot heroes, we see now only a thin and faded remnant—a few white-haired, trembling, weary pilgrims lingering here and there, feeble and wary, on the brink of the tomb, and awaiting the barge that is to convey them home.

A small number of these, and some who had belonged to the same company with the fallen at the battle of Lexington, were present at the solemn celebration—each bearing on his breast a badge of honor, and each one of them so closely bound together by the one great cause, which those hours summoned to mind, by the ties of youth.

As they entered near and their aged eyes looked darkly on their kindred, the coffin, they remembered how they had left them as they last had seen them; and, assuming that the dead with their almost extinct forms, they were to the valley of tombs. Each their

—they, it spoke, turned away the eye to their earlier of a more glorious resurrection.

The hundred widows permitted to those retained relics before that dreadful sacrifice. was by now venerable age, and the infirmities for an occasion so great, so deeply interesting and affecting as that over addressed as an assembly so solemn, and none could ever equal. Whose every ear of the vast multitude hung on

* The Rev. Dr. Clarke.

the eloquent lips of EDWARD EVERETT, and every heart felt itself melting at the pathetic story he was telling in his own peculiar, thrilling accents, or enlarged and elevated by the high-toned sentiments he was uttering, so deeply like was the stillness of the hours, you could almost hear the drop of the soldier's tear on his glittering armor, as he listened and looked, and beholding what was now him in the aisle, remained that he was to be seen.

But the scene had done. The dirge was sung; the benediction was pronounced. The people moved—

As a rich, rare casket, filled with gold
And precious gems from mines untold
They took up the coffin dim and cold,
With the soldier's sacred dust.

Then slowly forth to the battle-ground,
While every mouth was closed,
They moved in the mournful mien's sound
And the tear of the fair dissolved.

They reached the place for the honored dead.
The graves were open there,
The earth that had been they dying bed,
Prepared to receive them.

Those relics dark from the light they lowered,
Where the soldier's sleeping farewell.

THE LAY OF THE LABOURER.

FROM BOON'S MAGAZINE.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a hill!
A book to reap, or scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will—
Whatever tool to till the field
The sturdy laborer wields.

Ye sons of wealth, who love the poor,
And deem a wife to a widow's life,
Before the altar kneel.

He only claim in this,
With labor still and earn,
He lawful tyne, nor living to earn,
Between the light and morn.
My daily bread, and nights bed,
My raiment, and cheer of love;
But all from the hand that feeds the land,
And the merciful heaven above.

No parish money or tool,
No pension'd pittance for me,
A son of the soil, by right of toil
I'll live upon my fee.
No stinted look, give me my task
And the crust I've earned shall taste
The stronger, for the sweat of a Man,
To work, and not to beg.

Still, still, boys, labor on,
Through labor is the curse of birth
To Grave to none, and all to one,
Instead of the fee of the earth;
To make our hearts strong with gladness,
And share with us our toil,
A home and a lass, with a grace to God,
And little chucks to rear.

A spade! a spade! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a hill!
A book to reap, or scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will—
Whatever tool to till the field
The sturdy laborer wields.

Selected Sketches.

THE LAST PARTING.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

On the little cross eut Pine Street, running down from Third to Dock Street, there is a small building, which, in the early part of the last twenty years, has been used for all the purposes of a conventicle or place of worship. It was a shop to a meeting house, and even a Jewish Synagogue. The congregation was sometimes so small as nearly set forth by a scriptural quotation—"two or three gathered together;" and sometimes so numerous as to fill the house to overflowing, when the more wealthy and fashionable congregations were absent in the country, or were all assembled together in their own splendid temples. Between these two extremes, as whose society he had obtained the most influence, I have often seen the pastor of the building, a man of the most eccentric character, that acknowledged few equals and no superiors among the sons of men. He had allowed a youth of prodigiony to be ascended by a manhood, of which it was hard to say whether it was more remarkable for the strength of its moral principles or its wayward eccentricity. He was most scrupulous veracity, was most characteristic in his dealings with his fellow-men, and was most overgrown, though of rather wealth, by being a member of a religious society, which, for the last eighteen, seems to